THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

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WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Woodstock, Vermont.

Printed Saturday Morning

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WOODSTOCK NEWS

Will Meet in Woodstock.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions of the Episcopal church will be held in Woodstock on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 8 and 9. Fifty or more delegates will attend and Bishop Hall is expected to be present. Rev. Dr. George Y. Bliss of Burlington will be the preacher at Tuesday evening's service, and the speakers on Wednesday will be Rev. John C. McKim of Japan and Miss Julia C. Emery of New York city.

Rebekahs Meet Here Oct. 17.

The annual district meeting of Rebekah lodges, I. O. O. F., district No. 8, will be held with Kedron Rebekah lodge of Woodstock, on Thursday, October 17. Lora A. Thomas is the district deputy president. The district includes seven Rebekah lodges, in Bethel, Woodstock, White River Junction, Post Mills, Windsor, Rochester, South Royalton.

The members of the local committees are as follows: Reception—Mrs. Kate Carbino, Mrs. Nellie Bradley, Mrs. Belle Payne. Entertainment—Mrs. Lilla Mason, Mrs. Goldie Harlow, Mrs. Lena Wood. Introductory—Mrs. Emma Rich, Mrs. Hattie Cummings, Mrs. Mary Godsill.

HE MISSED THE STAGE

Plodding Tourist in Plymouth Was Waiting for a Horse-Drawn Vehicle.

A tourist, who is seeing Vermont afoot, told in Rutland today a story at his own expense, which, he says, changed his opinion that the Green Mountain state is not progressive in keeping apace with the times in the matter of accommodating her summer traffic, says the Rutland News.

The pedestrian became weary while plodding along the road south of Plymouth Union a few days ago and decided to take a ride in the stage which runs daily between Ludlow and Bridgewater. Sitting by the roadside he waited patiently one, two, three hours, but no stage of the ordinary type came along. His patience becoming exhausted, he hailed a farmer at the nearest house and their conversation was as follows:

"Has the Bridgewater stage gone by yet?"

"Why, yes, hours ago. Didn't you see it?"

"See it, no. Not a wagon has passed along this road for two hours."

"Wagon! Didn't you notice that big touring car with the trunk strapped on behind?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the stage."

The tourist tramped the rest of the way to Bridgewater.

For Rhodes Scholarship.

The regular biennial examinations for appointment to the scholarship at Oxford University under the provisions of the Cecil Rhodes trustees will occur at the University of Vermont in Burlington beginning at 10 o'clock Tuesday, October 15, and extending to 7 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, October 16.

Prospective candidates for this scholarship should write President Guy Potter Benton, chairman of the Rhodes scholarship committee for Vermont, for instructions at an early date.

An order reducing the size of United States currency and national bank notes by one-third and completely revolutionizing their designs will be issued by Secretary McVeagh within a few weeks.

POMFRET IN 1855

Somewhat Panicky Political Conditions 57 Years Ago.

In this turbulent presidential year, just to show that conditions are no more confused and feelings no more exasperated than they have been in the past, says the Burlington Free Press, a friend sends us a curious pamphlet entitled: "Proceedings of the Citizens' Convention Held at Pomfret, Vt., March 18, 1855."

The "proceedings" disclose conditions of alarm and mutual distrust among citizens, which have no parallel today. At the time this booklet was published "by the direction of the convention", the party of the Know-Nothings was creeping over the country with a swiftness and power which terrified the sober members of other parties. It was all the more sinister to them because the foundation of its power was a secret society, reputed to be much more terrible than in all probability it was. Shortly before the "convention" the Know-Nothing party had begun to show its strength in Pomfret, with the result that the inhabitants came together, responsive to the call of 133 of their citizens, in this indignation meeting, organized, passed resolutions, and directed that their proceedings be made public.

The call is in part as follows: "All who are in favor of a free and open discussion of all political principles and actions; all who prefer light to darkness; all who prefer frank and open truth to low trickery, deception and falsehood; all who have not sworn to obey the dictates of a secret cabal and all that have been deceived and drawn into their coils and would be glad to break the chains that bind them, are cordially and earnestly invited to attend the meeting, and aid by their counsel and advice."

This language is nothing if not excited, and the booklet makes it evident in a hundred ways that the citizens of Pomfret who came together in the Methodist church to vote and pass resolutions were thoroughly agitated, angered, and a little panicky.

In the cold after-light of history we should say that Know-Nothingism was a somewhat amusing first outbreak of spleen against the foreigner who was coming into this country and taking possession exactly as if it belonged to him. It was the idea of America for Americans, the desire of those who were to put up the bars against those who were out. So natural was it and so humanly selfish that now we can hardly keep from laughing at it. But it was clearly no laughing matter to the protesting citizens of Pomfret, who thought quite rightly that to discriminate against any class of citizens, even against citizens of non-American birth, was contrary to the spirit of our constitution, and were indignant at the secret means used to advance the propaganda. They also appear to have had their doubts as to the sincerity of the followers of the cause. For one of their enactments reads:

"Resolved, That from the most critical observation and investigation, we have been able to make in relation to what gives life, energy, action, and union to Know-Nothingism, we have come to the following unavoidable conclusions, viz: That love of office was what caused the party to be born, and to be nursed into maturity by the agency of selfishness and darkness; that love of office is what causes the organism to stand the assaults of light and truth; and that love of office is the beginning, middle, and end of the program."

The reassuring thing about all this is that despite the serious crisis which disturbed the calm of Pomfret so many years ago, free government still exists and Pomfret is still on the map. And it is likely that the same can be said as many years from now.

Robert O. Bailey, assistant secretary of the treasury, says that banks and department stores will undoubtedly adopt the government's money washing machine. Government laundries will be in full operation by Jan. 1.

STATE FAIR NOTES

The Morgan Horse club held its annual election on Thursday, the 19th, resulting as follows:

President, H. S. Wardner of Windsor; vice presidents, J. C. Brunk of Springfield, Ill., E. A. Darling of East Burke, A. W. Peters of Bradford and J. R. Steers of New York; secretary and treasurer, C. C. Stillman of New York city. President Wardner will read a paper relative to the advisability of breeding the Morgan horse according to the standards of the past and not with the idea of making the Morgan larger and heavier.

The state fair cup was awarded permanently to H. R. C. Watson of Brandon, his entries having won in two successive years. The three-year-old Morgan mare Evaline was the winner. With Della, a Morgan chestnut mare, Mr. Watson won first prize for a mare or gelding from the west side of the state, and in a similar competition between east and west, awards were given Doulyn, shown by H. S. Wardner of Windsor; Donald, shown by Spencer Borden of Fall River, and Oak Anne, shown by J. A. Stillman of New York city.

The silver cup given by C. C. Stillman of New York to the brood mare conforming in st closely to the Morgan type went to Ruby, shown by H. R. C. Watson of Brandon.

One good feature of the fair was the policing on the highway and crossings leading to the grounds, to guard against accidents, at the instance of the local Board of Trade, which looked to the wants of visitors to the village.

ADVICE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

Save your pennies and send them to the Hyde Park Savings Bank.

That Bank receives either pennies, dimes or dollars.

Why?

Because it wishes to encourage the children to be frugal and to have a little bank account of their own, even though the initial deposit is the smallest possible sum.

Children who commence an account on a penny, a nickel or a dime, often grow into capitalists later on.

The way to become a capitalist is to commence now to save the pennies.

No Smallpox in Tunbridge.

A false rumor that an epidemic of smallpox existed in Tunbridge has gained considerable circulation and is entirely without foundation. The story was started at the fair in White River Junction. Some versions contained the additional misinformation that the fair which was held in Tunbridge this week had been postponed on account of the spread of the disease. Dr. W. C. Mitchell, health officer of the town, is the authority for saying that there is no smallpox in Tunbridge.

IN GENERAL

A mushroom weighing three and one-half pounds and measuring two feet eleven inches in circumference was found Saturday in Rutland.

A turnip weighing nine and a half pounds and another weighing eight pounds were raised by Ben H. Tassie of Barre. They are of the White Hill variety.

Colombo reports that a wild elephant attacked a coach in Ceylon, demolishing the vehicle and killing the driver. The passengers escaped.

That he put his wife on a hot stove is one of the charges made against Julius De Saint of Sterling, Ill., in a divorce bill filed by Mrs. De Saint.

Triplets born to a cow in New Orleans have been named after the presidential candidates. All are healthy. Teddy was the last to arrive.

Pie Sufficed for Large Party.

Over 90 persons partook, the other day at Gorleston, Suffolk, England, of a gigantic sea-pie, into the making of which there entered two stone of flour, six rabbits, six ox and sheep kidneys, 28 pounds of beefsteak, two score of green vegetables, half a stone of onions, and two stone of turnips and carrots. The total weight of the pie was over two hundred pounds, and it took two days to cook.

TELLS OF POLAND

Student Describes Life of Girls In Her Country.

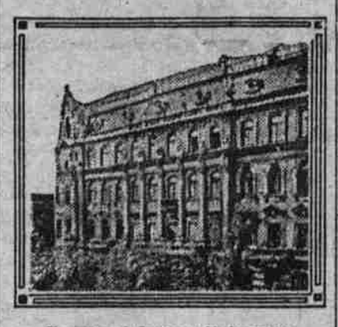
Women Not Desired by Universities, as Professor Asserts Education Is Wasted When They Marry—Men Outnumber Them Six to Two.

London.—"We are all trying to be as English as possible in Poland just now; it is the fashion," said Miss Ilia de Illakowick, who came to London recently. This young student from Cracow university published a successful book of poetry in the spring. Accompanied by the daughter of the author, Sienciewicz, she has been spending some time in Paris and in other towns on the continent, and her comparisons prove her powers of observation.

"In Poland we wear English tailor-made clothes," she continued, "because we think they are much more distinguished looking than any other. English is, of course, spoken, for you know that we learn languages, French, German, Russian, dialects of our own tongue, from childhood. At the universities, of course, we study Greek and Latin. But English just now is the correct thing, and we are all speaking it. It is the thing in Poland now to put babies into nurseries furnished a l'Anglaise, and they are kept there. Polish babies, like the French ones, had to be always with the grown-up people; a great deal of attention had to be paid to them. Now they are in their own rooms, fed and dressed like English infants, and I dare say the mothers of the present generation find more time for interests outside of the house.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed in reply to a question. "You must not suppose that all Polish girls go to the universities, and you must not make the mistake of mixing us up with Russians—we are quite different! In the Polish families of the nobility parents still cherish the ideal of home life for their girls. No girl of good family goes out without a chaperone. She interests herself more in household duties even than English people do.

"Our whole system is different from the English. We have no colleges at all as you have for women, and we have no university halls where girls may live. A Polish girl may inscribe her name for lectures when she is 16. There are many middle-class parents



Facade of Cracow University.

who set their faces against this idea, and so they will not allow their daughters any income for their years of study. What happens? Why, the girls simply run away from home. At Cracow there is a convent where they can live for about £2 a month. Often a girl of 16 has to commence by working very hard to earn her living while she attends the university. The condition of students, both men and women, at the Polish universities, has been a good deal talked about, and I am one of many students, who are trying to raise a fund to establish women's residences like those you have in England.

"The proportion of girl students is something like 500 to 3,000 men. They attend the same lectures as the men, and often live in the same poor lodging houses as they do. I suppose it is for that reason that the parents have not learned to like the position of their daughters at the universities. The professors approve of girls at their lectures? No, the majority of them do not. They declare that girls usually get married, and then all their university training is wasted. They make things as hard for the girls as they can by constantly indulging in what we call 'chicane,' that is, teasing and small jokes leveled at the women students."

WEASELS CLAW HIS FACE

Then Scared Little Beasts From a Nest Find Victim's Coop and Slay 18 Chickens.

Lewistown, Pa.—James Stinebarger, better known as "Dynamite" on the state road operations where he is employed, has a badly lacerated face and says he hates to tell people how he got it.

Those who were working with "Dynamite," however, aver it was too much weasel. They say Stinebarger was stooped over, taking out riprap stones, when a little ball of red and white fur leaped from a hole in the bank, landing squarely in his face, and scurried away as rapidly as possible. This one was followed in rapid succession by others, and each seemed to give him a dig in the face with all four feet.

A strange coincidence was that the following night 18 of Stinebarger's favorite chickens were killed in the coop by weasels.

ON THE ROADS OF PERSIA

Vehicles, Called Palakis and Kajavahs, Are Quaint and Very Uncomfortable.

Bushire, Persia.—The most useful vehicles for long journeys in Persia are the palakis and kajavahs, the quaintest contrivances for travel to be seen anywhere. These "Persian cabs" are fixed upon mules. Each animal carries two of them, one on each side. They are furnished with bedding. Men, women and children sit in them cross-legged, a painful and irksome position for Europeans, who usually prefer to ride a horse or donkey rather than screw themselves up in these boxes.

The only difference between the kajavah and the palaki is that the lat-

Persian City Gate.

ter is open, while the former is covered with a light water proof roof and is curtained against bad weather.

The most comfortable means of travel, sacred to the use of the wealthiest class, is the takhtiravan, a kind of palanquin, consisting of a box about seven feet long and five feet high, fitted with doors and windows and furnished inside with a soft mattress and luxurious cushions.

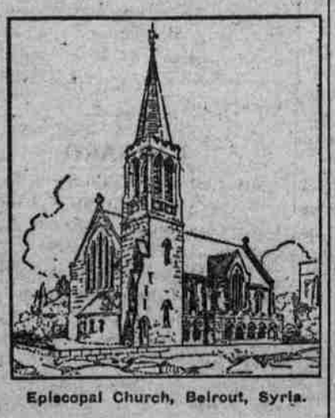
The vehicle is built on the sedan chair principle, the poles resting on a sort of saddle on the backs of the mules, which are harnessed tandem. Their area of usefulness is restricted to the plains and the sensation experienced while riding in them is like being tossed in an old-time liner on the stormy Atlantic.

DEAN EXPLORES RELIGIONS

Dr. Frederick J. Bliss Tells How He Went to Work on It In Syria.

Rochester, N. Y.—Dr. Frederick J. Bliss gathered the material for his "The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine" as nearly as possible at first hand. His sources were the priests and elders of the five Christian churches that exist in modern Syria and Palestine and of the Mohammedan church, whom he interviewed at first hand.

Doctor Bliss was appointed to deliver the Bross lectures at Lake Forest university, Lake Forest, Ill., in 1908. He instantly went to Syria, which by the way was his birthplace, to gather material. He knew the Arabic language thoroughly, was able to converse with the leaders of the various sects of the country and the following



Episcopal Church, Beirout, Syria.

December delivered a series of lectures in which nobody could recognize an idea or illustration they recalled reading in any book.

"I had interviews," says Doctor Bliss, "with the orthodox patriarchs of Antioch, Jerusalem—Greek, Catholic, Syrian, Maronite—who imparted valuable information. Missionaries Roman Catholic and Protestant, gave of their knowledge and experience. Moslems of all classes spoke freely of their religion.

"Learned books on the dervishes have been consulted, but it was through the quaint tales of a gentle eyed sheik in Jerusalem, who left his humble task of scouring pots and kettles to make me a visit, that I learned past all forgetting, that in spite of the wild demonstrations which travelers witness for a fee in Constantinople and Cairo the controlling motive of the dervish life is the hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Doctor Bliss is dean of the University of Rochester.

DOWN THE AMAZON ON A RAFT

VILLAGE ON LOWER AMAZON

RAVENOUS whirlpools, tigers, sharks, cannibals and malaria are incidents of an amazing voyage of 4,000 miles made by a St. Louisan, part of the way on a fragile raft from near the source to the mouth of the Amazon, which is the longest river in the world. The marvel of the trip is increased by the fact that for most of the journey he was without money.

The hero of the adventure is Frank B. Farrar of St. Louis, a mining engineer. His thrilling story, with humorous episodes, is told in his own words.

I left home in February, 1906, under contract to take charge of placer mines in the interior of Bolivia. The company by which I was employed left me stranded and unpaid at La Paz, Bolivia, in debt to a hotel $200 for board and lodging. Unable to pay, I stole off in the night, stowed away on a boat crossing Lake Titicaca (which, 11,000 feet above the sea level, is said to be the highest lake in the world), and so made my way to Peru.

Here, with varying fortunes, I obtained work which occupied me for more than three years. I was employed at various times by the Peruvian Railroad corporation and by different mining companies. I was at one time superintendent of the Yanimina camp, 16,600 feet above sea level, in the Andes, and rich in copper and silver.

In the fall of 1910 I went to Lima, the Paris of South America, and passed three months. I also spent all of the money I had saved, not foreboding that I was soon to fall ill. I obtained work in a lead smelter at Huancayo and became poisoned with the metal. It was then that I determined to make my way to Yquitos, a city on the upper Amazon, to which, although 3,6000 miles from the coast, ocean steamers penetrate. I expected there to obtain passage to New York. It was 1,000 miles from Oroya, where my journey started, to Yquitos.

Two Hundred Miles Through Forest.

At Oroya I met a locomotive engineer named Paddy O'Neil, who was out of employment, and, like myself, without a penny. He decided to go with me to Yquitos, where he had heard there was plenty of work.

The first leg of the trip was a 200-mile walk over the mountains to the Pachitea river, which is the beginning of the Amazon. This tramp was 15 days of nightmare. We followed a government trail through the impenetrable forests, in which at nights we could hear the roars of tigers and jaguars. We subsisted by begging from the natives whose huts we encountered. On the ninth day we were so nearly famished that I took O'Neil's watch, walked back ten miles on the trail and sold it for $4. With the money I bought a bag of corn and lima beans, on which we lived for the rest of the "hike."

We passed several "tambos," or government posts, in which we were permitted to sleep, but the officers of which never thought of inviting us to eat. At last we reached the river, and O'Neil built a raft of logs twelve feet long and five feet wide, surmounted by a bamboo platform, on which we were to sit to keep ourselves dry. The logs were tied together with the bark of the balza tree. We had no paddles, but only long poles.

The Pachitea river at that time was narrow, but very swift, and there were many logs floating on its surface. It seemed as if our raft perversely insisted upon striking every one of these logs, and at each collision I feared that the craft would go to pieces. Once it struck a stump and turned a complete somersault, flinging us into the water.

Our danger was extreme. The water was infested with venomous snakes, alligators and fresh water sharks. It was impracticable to swim ashore, because the dense tropical bamboo forests would not permit us to land, so thickly did they grow. But if we could have landed we should have been at the mercy of wild beasts. There was nothing to do but swim after the raft, which was floating swiftly down the current.

After great efforts we overtook it, and in a few days reached Porto Vermudis, where there is the first of a string of wireless telegraph stations extending to the coast.

Here O'Neil and I both fell ill of malaria. Despite the fact that we could scarcely lift our heads, the native hotelkeeper made us cut down trees to pay for the scraps of food he doled out to us. There was no medicine available. A native woman struck with pity for me, took up a collection of money to buy me a ticket to the village of Marecasas, 50 miles down the river. O'Neil got a job as engineer on the same launch on which I traveled, but was put ashore because he was too ill to perform his duties.

Monkey Saved Farrar's Life.

Here I should have died but for a monkey, the property of an unfeeling native, the keeper of a hotel into whose tender mercies I fell. Although I was shaking violently with chills, he said to me:

"You've got to go to work." I protested and begged for quinine. "If you don't work," he replied, "I'll put you in the stocks." I was too sick to care, and told him to go ahead.

The stock, an instrument of torture, consisted of a framework with holes through which my feet, arms and head were thrust. For two days and nights I sat in this machine, alternately freezing with chills and consuming with fever. The time passed like an evil dream. It was the custom of the people to pelt with missiles the unfortunate occupants of the stocks. But the natives pitied me, and some of them even gave me tea and food by stealth.

Finally the hotelkeeper, muttering that he didn't want me to "die on him," set me free and ordered the cook to give me the water in which he boiled the rice, so that I would not starve.

The monkey of which I have spoken was a prodigious thief. It stole everything it could lay paws on. It occurred to me that it would be safe for me to steal what food I needed and blame the thefts on the monkey. Thereupon the monkey's pilfering activity doubled, it seemed to its master.

One day the hotelkeeper, missing two eggs, which he had intended for breakfast and which, without his knowledge, were in my pockets, said to me:

"That monkey is a thief."

"He sure is," said I, and stole away to eat my eggs unobserved.

One day several natives, painted hideously, with thorns thrust through their noses, came to the river to trade. They were peaceful, but imagine my feelings, after seeing them eye me hungrily, to be told in a whisper: "Those men are cannibals."

When my health was a bit better I revenged myself on the hotel man by appropriating his canoe one night and paddling away down the river. O'Neil, who had been almost as ill as myself, went with me. We made our way in 15 days to Cantumayo, begging our food as we went. The natives were more than kind to us.

The trip was made hideous by millions of huge mosquitoes which swarmed down on us until our feet and hands were black with the insects. The natives do not even take the trouble to brush them off, but they tormented us terribly. At last, in payment for my repairing her sewing machine, a woman gave us a strip of mosquito netting, which we spread over the canoe at night while we slept.

It happened that the chief of police at Cantumayo was an acquaintance of mine. He permitted me to sleep in the police station and paid for my meals at a neighboring house. The mistress of this house had a mania for medicine and insisted upon dosing me with a horrible mixture until I was sicker than ever.

This decoction was a bowl of strong liquor made from sugar cane, lemon juice and salt. I implored her to give me quinine, but she refused and felt that I had insulted her nostrum. I believe I should have died had I not met an American negro named Tolbit. He gave me a pound, or $4.86, with which I bought quinine and cognac. In four days the fever was broken. Tolbit obtained a canoe (I suspect he stole it) and we floated down the river for seven days, stopping at villages for the nights. But on the seventh night the negro disappeared.

I was picked up by a tall and pompous personage who called himself by the resounding name of Don Pedro Segunda La Jera, and who made an average of $100 a day by selling phony jewelry to the natives. He took me along to paddle his canoe. He was so stingy that he would not permit me to use the condensed milk he carried for his coffee, and refused to pay for the provisions he purchased unless compelled by force. I left him at Porto San Francisco, where I got work cutting down trees for 75 cents a day.

Here I remained 15 days and left only to avoid starvation.